Holey Pipe

"One, two, three! Go!" Hurriedly, our team scattered, resembling a dropped bag of marbles as we searched for sticks. I snatched sticks, clutching them until my hands hurt. I stepped back, showing flimsy twigs in the jagged holes.

Suddenly, the jam-packed pipe overflowed and exploded like a beaver's dam after a sudden rainstorm. "Cover the holes," Miss Cassie bellowed as another bucket of water got sucked up by the grass's vacuum cleaner. Sniff! The smell of saturated fabric drifted up my nose, leaving a soapy fabric smell.

"Stop!" Miss Cassie cried, just as the golden ball popped up like burnt toast jumping out of the toaster. I am soooo saturated! What fun!

Isla Petheridge

Year 5

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